THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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(Selected.)

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

From
An English Publication.

A CLERGYMAN returning from London, to the parish in which he resided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was closing, overtook a traveller on horseback, and, as the road had been notorious for robbery and murder, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the stranger, half-suppressed sighs, and a rooted melancholy stamped on his countenance, interested the old gentleman in his favour: they conversed on various subjects, and that unsocial reserve, which has sometimes been considered as the characteristic mark of an Englishman, was gradually dissipated; politics, weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, were among the extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance.

" I am surprised," said the ecclesiastic, " that any reasonable being should expose himself to the infamy and destruction, which, soon or late, always follow the desperate adventures of a highwayman. My astonishment increases, when I recollect several instances, in which the offenders were men of sound intellect, and previous to this fatal obliquity, of sober life and conversation.

" They must have known that, in this our christian country, there were inexhaustible resources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the business of their lives to seek for and assist, real distress, in every shape, and every rank."

" I agree to the truth of your description of English benevolence and British hospitality," said the traveller, " *generally speaking*; but there *is* a species of suffering, which, shrinking from public notice, often escapes the benignant, but superficial glance of modern charity.

" There are spirits, sir," continued the stranger, in an elevated tone of voice, his eyes flashing at the moment with a ferocious pride and tortured sensibility, " there *are* individuals who would rather perish than attempt to awaken the generosity, or expose themselves to the pity and contempt of mankind.

" They would not hesitate a moment in flying for refuge to death to conclude *their own* miseries; but of what materials, sir, must his heart be formed, who could see a wife, a child, or a parent, deficient in the necessaries of life, without resolving, at any risk, to procure them.

" There *is* a species of distress, which does not always strike the wealthy, and which prudent men, when they *do* see it, only laugh at and revile; they tell the sufferer, that he is poor and miserable, only because he deserves to be so; that while he has legs to support him, and arms able to work, he has no right to relief; that it would be injustice and bad policy to bestow, on refined indolence, on morbid and culpable affectation, that help which ought only to be afforded to indigent infirmity, and irretrieveable calamity.

" Your appearance, sir, from the moment you approached me, and your conversation since, have strongly prepossessed me in your favour, and I am resolved, without fear or reserve, to inform you of a secret, which I never thought would have passed my lips; it will account for that dark cloud of anxiety and dejection which is always hanging over me, and cannot have escaped your observation.

" I am a wretched being of that class, which, as I just now said, the gay overlook, the prudent censure, and the ignorant despise; I was reduced, by an union of folly and misfortune, from ease and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of subsistence.

" I cannot dig, I am ashamed to beg; but this is not the trying part of my position, as I would not only willingly, but eagerly *have procured a dismission* from the evils I endure; but, alas, I have associates in affliction, a wife, a parent, and children.

" So situated, and thus stimulated, after a long struggle between pride and principle, instead of appealing to the humanity, I resolved to work on the fears of mankind, and have, for several months, supported myself and family by force of arms; I confess, without scruple, that to procure a purse, is the object of my present journey.

" Be not alarmed, sir, at this avowal," said the stranger, observing the clergyman somewhat terrified at his words, " be not alarmed, I would cut off my right hand rather than abuse the confidence you have placed in me.

"It is on individuals of a very different description that I mean to raise contributions: on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who, parting with a little loose cash, are deprived of only a minute portion of that superfluity, which they dissipate in folly and vice."

The divine, recovering a little from his embarrassment, now ventured to speak: "I wholly disagree with you in the arguments you use, and the unwarrantable deductions you draw: as a minister of God's word, I warn you against the labrynth of destruction into which you have entered.

"You hinted at suicide, as a step you would have taken, had you not been a father and a husband.

"On what principle of religion, reason, or policy, are you authorised, rash and mistaken man, to desert the post in which Providence has placed you, and at the first appearance of difficulty or disaster, insolently to rush into the presence of your Creator; in defiance of that first principle, self-preservation, which he has so wisely and so mercifully implanted in your breast, and with murder most foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheek.

"Your want of confidence in the benevolence of your fellow creatures is as inexcusable as your non-reliance on a superintending Providence is impious and irrational: your theory is unsupported by fact, and contradicted by experience; there is no species of distress, however it may recede from public view, or bury itself in obscurity, that can escape the sharp-sighted optics of English humanity.

"Without waiting to be asked, it is one of the prominent features of the present day to form societies for the express purpose of exploring the darkest recesses of human misery; to entice and sometimes to drag forth youthful delinquency from the contaminating haunts of vice and impurity; to provide for the salvation of their souls, and the comfort of their bodies; to meliorate the condition, and reform the manners of the poor. No real grievance, properly explained, and well authenticated, is suffered to go unredressed; remove all possibility of imposition, and to know calamity, in England, is to remove it."

The good man would have proceeded, but he was interrupted by his companion, who, hearing the noise of wheels, turned on his horse, and saw, as the moon shone through the parting clouds, a post chaise just beginning to ascend the hill behind them.

"To know of misfortune is to relieve it, if I rightly understand, sir, is one of the positions you maintain." "It is." "An opportunity for putting to the test the truth of your assertion now presents itself; the carriage, slowly coming up the hill, is in fact what I had for several hours been expecting before you overtook me.

"The owner of it is a rich man, and, if my information be correct, has a considerable sum of money with him; I will, without exaggeration or reserve, explain my situation, and according to your honorable, but in my opinion, unfounded doctrine, he will afford assistance; my appeal shall be made to his reason and his feelings, before I proceed to *other means*; if you will have the goodness to continue that confidence, which you have hitherto placed in me, proceed leisurely on, and you shall quickly be informed of the result."

(To be concluded in our next.)

To Mr. P.

SIR,

As you decline a compliance with the request signified in No. XIII of the Miscellany, I do not intend to make any more remarks on the subject.

I perceive pretty clearly that you are sensible of your mistake, and, to confess the truth, I entertain now a much more respectable opinion of the author of the Eulogy, however ill-timed, than I had when it first appeared. Yours,

DONALD.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON THE LOVE OF NOVELTY.

In nova fert animus. OVID.

SIR,

THE love of novelty is so deeply rooted in our natures, that we are somewhat astonished to observe writers of the last century, entertaining thoughts of eradicating this passion from the breast, either by the force of argument, or the dint of ridicule. For our parts, we are so far from wishing it extinguished, that we are always more willing to extend over it, the smiles of our encouragement, than the frowns of our disapprobation. So absolutely necessary is this passion to our existence, that were it totally annihilated, life would seem a perfect blank, and time wear an aspect so gloomy and monotonous, that we should be induced to cry out with Solomon, in the bitterness of our grief, that all is vanity and vexation. There is no philosopher of the present day, I am confident, who has a heart so hard and unfeeling, as to wish that novelty was entirely excluded from the female sex; thereby setting bounds to the number of new dresses, and new beaus, to the belles, and beauties, who enliven this and every other populous town; or to inflict so much pain and mortification on the fop, the coxcomb, or debauchee, as always to compel them to behold the same female faces. Was the desire of novelty eradicated in our bosoms, society would in all probability sink into a state of such perfect listlessness, that suicide would become as fashionable as the vulgar offices of eating and drinking: and Philosophers and free-thinkers, who now kill themselves for their amusement, would then more reasonably hang themselves

for the want of it. Trades, business, professions, &c. would become as stagnant as the dead-sea; dresses as unfashionable as the Hottentots, and manners as unpolished as the Yahoos.

In every age, the love of novelty has been productive of some happy effects, it has prompted authors to tread unbeaten paths in the wilds of literature, stimulated generals to invent new modes of attack and defence, and caused statesmen to introduce the most important improvements in the science of Government. But as useful as this passion may be, when directed to proper objects, and in proper channels, no sooner overleaps the bounds of moderation, than it becomes the source of innumerable evils. Those who are acquainted with the History of Greece, cannot be ignorant how much mischief it produced, in the small Republic of Athica. It was this that influenced the fickle Athenians to exhaust their public treasures, in magnificent shows and ostentatious spectacles :—to remove from the command of armies, generals of approved valour and integrity, and to substitute in their stead, men of corrupt principles, and depraved morals :—to admire even to enthusiasm, the profligate Alcibiades, and to execrate the godlike Socrates :—to crown with wreaths of laurel the youthful Sophocles, and to treat with unmerited neglect the aged Escylus. The History of Rome affords further proofs of the strength of this passion. We find the Romans always wishing for changes, and ever effecting innovations: we first behold them under an absolute monarchy, soon after, we observe a Republic rising out of the ruins of despotism :—a spirit of dissension and anarchy succeeds :—the nation is involved in civil broils :—Faction rears aloft its hydra head :—and all Rome and Italy affords to the eye a melancholy spectacle of slaughter and bloodshed, ruin and desolation. To this follows the reign of the twelve Cæsar's, than which a more bloody period cannot be traced in the annals of history. If we examine the records of other countries, we shall discover their inhabitants to be equally fond of change with the Greeks and Romans.

As revolutions take place in governments, so do they in literature. A book which was admired a century ago for its grace and beauty, is now despised, perhaps for its inelegance and uncouthness. And a work which is at present highly esteemed for the agreeable structure of its sentences, the harmony of its periods, and the energy of its style, may, in the course of fifty revolving suns, descend to the tomb of all the Capulets. It is well known to those who are acquainted with the literature of the last, and the preceding century's, that the polished genius of Sir William Temple, in his own day, excited universal admiration, and that his writings were held up as a perfect model for imitation. This so far from being the case at present, that we scarcely meet with a common reader, who has ever perused the works of this ingenious and witty author. We are now only familiar with the names of Massinger, Johnson, Ford, Middleton, and many other writers who flourished prior to the eighteenth century. This passion alone is sufficient to account for the comparative neglect, into which the works of Swift have fallen; his Gulliver's travels, and tale of a tub, doubtless afford some of the finest specimens of genuine wit, to be met with in the English or in any other language. The Spectator, whose talents for humourous writing have never been surpassed, somewhere, I think, mentions that he had not finished half his labours, before the number of his purchasers began sensibly to decrease; this in our humble opinion could be attributed to no defect in the continuance of the work, but to the volatility of public taste, which is ever searching out new sources of amusement. The elegant and facetious Shaftsbury, whose characteristics were formerly the theme, on which the gay, the fashionable, and the witty, were pleased to dwell, are now suffered to moulder on the shelves of private libraries, or public book stores.

It is almost impossible to open a biographical dictionary, without observing the names of some once celebrated authors, whose productions are now either consigned to oblivion, or preserved as curiosities. Of this number, the New Atlantes of Mrs. Manly, may be adduced as an instance; no work prior to her time was ever more universally read or admired than this;—though extremely inelegant and flimsy in its style, depraved in its sentiments, and pernicious in its tendency.

From literature we descend to manners, and fashion, which afford a field for observation equally wide and extensive. In the regions of elegance and taste, we find every thing which bears the stamp of novelty, carry along with it, its own recommendation. We once knew a gentleman who adopted as his son, a menial from his kitchen, for no other reason, than his being skilled in mathematics; and a wealthy merchant who liberated from slavery an African negro, because he was able to compose a few doggerel verses. Thus I think we may conclude, that the love of novelty will ever remain invariably the same, whatever revolutions may happen to mankind, in respect to their religious morals, or political principles.

I recollect when a boy to have heard my uncle, who was intimate with all the wits of the last age, and who was himself a wit, ridiculing the then preposterous taste for novelty. This infatuation he observed, will, in less than half a century, convert the inhabitants of Great Britain into the most ridiculous beings on the face of the earth. We shall doubtless behold the next generation of philosophers becoming deists, and atheists, to a man; the sons of our present statesmen, who adorn our senate and add lustre to the British name, dwindling into a race of effeminate fops, and coxcombs; and the fighting part of the nation, who

now, indeed, boast of some remains of vigour and firmness, lose all those characteristic traits, by which they may be distinguished from the opposite sex :—and the female world who now in part assume the male attire, take the command of our armies, fight our battles, both at home and abroad, direct our national councils, and be the guardians of our public liberty. My uncle, like many other old men, was passionately fond of the manners, customs, and fashions, which were familiar to him in his youth ; and inimical to every change which had taken place since the days of his boyhood. He had formed his theatrical taste, upon the acting of Garrick, whom he had seen, early in life, make his first appearance before a London audience.—He would often describe to me the fear and trepidation which the English Roscius was in, at the commencement of the play ;—the gradual developement of his powers ;—the bold and daring colours in which he painted the murderous Richard ;—the awe-struck audience ;—and, finally, the reiterated shouts of enthusiastic applause, which accompanied his excellent performances. So partial indeed was he to Garrick, that he would never suffer any person to speak in the slightest terms of disrepect towards him, with impunity. When he first beheld Mossop, and Barry, starting up as his competitors, he smiled at their folly and pitied their presumption. But when he saw the tide of public success turning in their favour, he was vexed beyond durance, and poured forth a volley of reproaches against the perversity of his country men's tastes.

A more striking proof of the vigor and prevalence of this passion cannot be adduced than Master Betty. Posterity will no doubt view with an incredulous eye, the marvellous accounts handed down to them of this theatrical phenomenon. To conceive a child of fourteen years of age, surpassing the most experienced veterans in the histrionic art, requires a larger portion of faith than the generality of mankind possess. But whatever may be the merits or talents of Master Betty, it is certain that he has contributed largely to the amusement of the inhabitants of Great Britain, and is therefore entitled to their esteem and gratitude. For I hold it as an indubitable truth, that he who most contributes to the happiness of mankind, is its greatest benefactor.

Having thus discovered, I think, that the love of novelty when restricted within proper bounds, is productive of a high degree of pleasure ; I would advise the young, the old, the gay, and the grave, not to relinquish its pursuit, as some grave philosophers would have them, but to follow it with so much moderation, that its deprivation would neither cause listlessness, or fatigue ; disgust, or mortification.

PHILO ANGLICANUS.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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The following "Reflection on Life," was transcribed for, and sent us for publication in the Miscellany, several weeks since.—With other papers, it was mislaid, which is the cause of our neglect in not having given it publicity till this period.

A REFLECTION ON LIFE.

As Rasselas, prince of Abbyssina, and his companions walked along the banks of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the Moon quivering on the water, they saw at a small distance, an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of Sages. "Yonder, says he, is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason : let us close the disquisitions of the night, by enquiring what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life."

Here the Sage approached and saluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled awhile as acquaintances that had unexpectedly met one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. He was pleased to find himself not disregarded, accompanied them to their house, and at the prince's request, entered with them. They placed him in the seat of honor, and set wines and conserves before them.

"Sir, said the princess, an evening walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and causes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Every thing must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity."

"Lady, answered he, let the gay and the vigourous expect pleasure in their excursions, it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its noveity : I look round and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider, that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile, with a friend who is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the vicissitudes of life. I have ceased to take much delight in physical truth ; for what have I to do with those things I am soon to leave ?"

"You may at least recreate yourself, said Imlac, with the recollection of an honorable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you."

"Praise, said the sage, with a sigh, is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of a son, nor wife to partake of the honors of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing now is of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because

it is considered as the ernest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended: but to me who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of man, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. Something they may yet take away, but can give me nothing. Riches would now be useless, and high employment would be pain. My retrospect of life recalls to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vacancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burthened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquility; endeavour to abstract my tho'ts from hopes and cares, which, tho' reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart, expect with serene humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find, and that virue which here I have not attained."

He rose and went away, leaving his audience not much elated with the hopes of long life. The prince consoled himself with remarking that it was not reasonable to be disappointed by this account, for age had never been considered as the season of felicity, and if it was possible to be easy in decline and weakness, it was likely that the days of vigour and alacrity might be happy; that the noon of life might be bright, if the evening could be calm.

The princess suspected that age was querulous and malignant, and delighted to repress the expectations of those who had newly entered the world. She had seen the possessors of estates look with envy on their heirs, and known many who enjoy pleasure no longer than they can confine it to themselves.

Pekuah conjectured, that the man was older than he appeared; and was willing to impute his complaints to delerious dejection or else supposed he had been unfortunate, and was therefore discontented: "For nothing, said she, is more common than to call our own the worst condition of life."

Imlac, who had no desire to see them depressed, smiled: the comforts which they could so readily procure to themselves, and remembered, that at the same age, he was equally confident of unmingled prosperity, and equally fertile of consolatory expedients. He forbore to force upon them an unwelcome knowledge which time itself would too soon impress.

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ANECDOTE.

THE GOOD EFFECT OF WINE.

A YOUNG gentleman of distinction having lost a considerable sum of money at a faro bank, was so much effected by it, that he determined upon an act of suicide, in order to relieve him from his distress.

Filled with this idea, he put a case of pistols into his pockets, and proceeding to a house of fashionable resort, in St. James' street, to which he was a subscriber, he ordered a room and a bottle of claret, with pen, ink, and paper. He then wrote a letter to an intimate friend, describing his unhappy state, which he declared himself unable any longer to bear, told him, that by the time the letter reached him, he should be out of his misery, and concluded with some request, as a last proof of his friendship.

Having dispatched this letter, he laid his pistols on the table, and being exceedingly thirsty, and seeing wine standing before him, he very naturally drank a glass: the refreshment this afforded him, tempted him to repeat it; he took a second and a third, and in brief four or five glasses gave such a happy turn to his thoughts, that he deferred his rash purpose until his friend burst into the room with the utmost anxiety; when instead of finding the letter-writer weltering in his blood, he saw him sitting at the table, musing with great composure.

He instantly removed the pistols; they finished the bottle together, and the despairing man went home, reconciled to himself, and to that life which he had so recently determined to renounce.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

We last week presented our readers with a singular instance of affection, manifested by a tyger for a little dog which had been thrown him, in order to be devoured. The following, although it may not be considered more surprising, is certainly not less interesting.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF

AFFECTION BETWEEN BRUTES.

IT was customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for a sight of the wild beasts in the Tower, to bring a dog or a cat as an oblation to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up a pretty black spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, and crouched and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicating attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the mean time, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection.

He turned it over with one paw, and and then turned it with the other; and smelled to it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster. At length the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the

smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat.

The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them, a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs, and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. 'You see, Sir," said the keeper, 'it would be a great pity to part such loving friends. However, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce, rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story.

In above twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but, finding that all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a drooping regard, and again lift his head on high, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer no person to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with variety of victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus enflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, and pluck away large splinters and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seemed enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces.

Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; then utter under roars of such a terrible melancholy, as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little play-fellow, the only friend, the only companion, that he had upon earth.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort; till one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend.

They were both interred together, and their grave plentifully watered with the tears of the keeper and his loudly lamenting family.

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To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

The following pieces appeared in several of the London prints in the summer of 1804. I have arranged them as they came out by myself and others, and now send them to you for insertion in the Miscellany. Yours &c.

Julia Francesca.

Addressed to the Loyal North Britons, commanded by Lord Reay.

Great Britain's sons, fore'er renownd in arms,
Whose valor each surrounding nation awes;
Whose zeal unanimous the foe alarms,
Zeal that protects our liberty and laws.
Still persevere, and still shall you be free—
Britain must conquer both by land and sea.

To you North Britons, equal is the praise,
Still to this isle with friendly valor true;
Whose hardy souls nor fear nor toil dismays,
United thus what force shall thine subdue?
Hail Caledonians! glory points the way
And lends her brightest chief inspiring REAY.!

Julia Francesca.

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Answered by L. N. B.

In the name of our Corps pray accept of my lays,
The tribute of gratitude due;
Though humble the effort, sincere is the praise
Addressed, dear Francesca, to you.
For loyal and true is the subject you hit on,
When by your fair lays you have grac'd a North Briton.

For Francesca and liberty nerv'd is our arm,
Undaunted we'll meet the proud foe;
Her praises our hearts with new valour shall warm,
While glory her REAY shall bestow.
So may victory smile on the subject she hit on,
And crown all her joys with a loyal North Briton.

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Another by W. F. Verdier, Esq. L. N. B.

Though never yet did I attempt a strain
To court the muses in poetic vein,
Yet now the arduous task I'll boldly dare,
And crave as L. N. B. to breathe a prayer.
Thus then, May fair Francesca ever prove
Happy thro' life in every Briton's love.

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From Francesca to W. F. V. in answer to the preceding.

Since your pen you have dipp'd in fair Helicon's stream,
And the muses no longer are coy,
Since at length you've awaked from a prosaical dream,
And your verses superior by far to your theme,
Tho' for that you've my thanks gracious boy.

I hail you in future belov'd of the nine,
For their favours continue to sue;
So may sweetness and melody ever combine
As the graces I trace in each self-flowing line
From a loyal North Briton like you.

Three other pieces are received and shall be given in our next number.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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EPIGRAM

On the Marriage of Miss FREE

Though you have tied yourself for life,
And taken the odious name of wife;
Content and happy may you be,
Although you are no longer *Free.*

LOCIUS.

SATURDAY, FEB. 14.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

Dreadful Shipwreck.

The King George, Packet, captain Walker, bound from Park-Gate for Dublin, was lately lost on Salisbury Sands. Her passengers, mostly Irish harvest men, above 100 in number, who were returning from England with pittances to their families, were under hatches. The pumps were soon choaked, and the water came in so fast on the Irishmen in the hold, that they drew their large harvest pocket knives, and with desperation slew one another, to make their way upon deck—Great numbers ran screaming up on the mast; a woman, with her child fastened to her back, was on the top mast head; the mast broke, the vessel being on her sides, and they were all precipitated into the waves. Only five men and a poor Irish sailor boy escaped! the remainder, 125 in number, among whom were 7 cabin passengers, perished!

Lon. pap.

A writer in the Emerald, published at Boston, says, "The appearance of Mr. Cooper on our boards has drawn a crouded house every evening of his performances. And

"We have no hesitation in declaring Mr. Cooper's personation of Othello, the most finished of his performances."

It is calculated in the Troy Gazette, that 68,000 newspapers are printed in the state of New York weekly, which is 3,567,200 yearly, consuming 8,227 reams of paper annually.

John Forster, itinerant preacher, was on Monday last, presented by the Grand Jury to the Court of Quarter Sessions, now sitting, as a *nuisance.*

Mr. Cooper has engaged Mrs. WARREN of the Philadelphia Theatre, to perform for six nights. Her first appearance will be on Monday evening next, as *Calista*, in the Fair Penitent.

The celebrated sir Francis Burdet, at an election in Wesminster lately, said England had more to fear from 100 mercenaries in Parliament, than from 500 000 men headed by Bonaparte.

We mentioned some time since, the marriage of the Hon. Miss L———, to a young gardener. The Chester paper says upon this subject, "Our readers will recollect having seen in the London prints, a few weeks since, an account of a Nobleman's daughter being smitten with the person of, and married to, a young gardener. He is a native of the neighbourhood of Wrexham, and arrived there with his fair and noble spouse on Monday last, where they intend residing.

Lon. pap.

The French Emperor, by an Imperial decree, dated Nov. 1, 1806, has declared the Islands of Great Britian in a state of blockade.

.....

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the rev. J. H. Hobart, Mr. Nathaniel Hatton, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza Burger, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, William B. Crosby, Esq. to Miss Harriet A. Clarkson.

On the 5th ult. by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Oliver D. Ward, to Miss Hetty Maria Ward, both of this city.

At Elizabethtown, on Thursday 5th inst. Mr. Ichabod Craig, to Miss Mary Marsh.

Same place, by the rev. John Churchil Rood, Mr. Samuel Thompson, to Miss Anne Strean, both of this city.

Same place, Mr. Samuel Ogden, to Miss Esther Brown, of Lyon's Farms.

DIED,

On Wednesday evening, after a short illness, Mr. Christopher Hughes, a respectable citizen.

On Wednesday morning, in the 62d year of his age, Mr. John Hogan, regretted by those who knew him.

At Baltimore, Mrs. Sophia F. Borland, wife of John Borland, merchant of that city.

At Elizabethtown, (N. J.) Mr. Isaac Hatfield, aged 76.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY,

AND

The nobility of Great Britian.

This instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufacturer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the first circle. The sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it posseses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing music, may in a few weeks acquire a proficiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's, City Hotel, Broadway. Jan. 17.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION,

FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluctions, Catarrhs, and all Phthisickly complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disgrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, cures all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

For the Lady's Miscellany

SELECTED.

—

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"A suppliant at your window comes
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his transport in your smile.

But cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round,
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred
No fears his tender feet deter,
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,
The feathered suppliant flew to her,
And fondly cherished was the bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Emboldened then he'd fearless perch
Her netting or her work among,
For crumbs among her drawings search,
And add his music to her song.

And warbling e'er her snowy arm,
Or half entangled in her hair,
Seem'd conscious of the double charm
Of freedom and protection there.

A grave old moralist who us'd
From all some lesson to infer,
Thus siad, as on the bird he mus'd
Pluming his scarlet stomacher:

"Where are his gay companions now
Who sung so merrily in Spring,
Some shivering on the leafless bough
With ruffled plume and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave
Consign'd to temporary death,
And some beneath the sluggish wave
Await reviving Nature's breath.

The migrant tribes are fled away
To skies where insect myriads swarm,
They vanish with the summer day
Nor bide the bitter Nothern storm.

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,
While lours December dark and drear,
The jovial cheerful household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour
Approving flatterers round us sport,
But if the faithless prospect lour
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd
Of fortune's parasites prefer
The friend like this, our winter bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

.....

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women, soon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victor's haughty strain;
Every nymph by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest, Love shall fashion,
Him the Graces shall attend,
Who with the most ardent passion
Joins the lover and the friend.

.....

Fashion's Votaries.

I see the fair, fantastic forms appear,
The flaunting drapery and the languid leer,
Fair, sylphish forms, who, tall, erect, and slim,
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the pliant limb.

.....

To an affected old Maid.

Tho' papa and mama, my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you methinks yourself appear
The grand-mama of all.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Selections

.....

*Lord H*****

Sitting with Lord H. (who was much addicted to the bottle) previous to a masquerade night he asked Foote what *new* character he ought to appear in? "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time, "suppose you go *sober* my Lord!"

Friendship.

It may generally be said of friendship, what was said by a man of wit, of love, that it resembles the notion of ghosts, viz. it is a thing which every body talks about, and no one has been eye witness to.

The Discovery.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer!*"

Merriment.

The King, shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension and familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, 'damn it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another.'

When lady Wallace was once in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon law of Paphos forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to David Hume, who had sat without speaking for some time, with a, "Pray Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is my *age*, what answer shall I give?"—"Say, madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that *you are not yet come to the years of discretion.*"

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